On my way back, a sea fog rolled in; in a short while the whole landscape was covered with it. How beautiful it would have seemed to me if I had not tarried on the heath!

While walking I wrote a note to Andre Ruyters in a pale-green notebook.

Just now I can see, from the window of my room, the bleak fields under a low gray sky. They are being plowed. Circling crows follow the plow, swoop down, seize the grub-worms. . . . I am sure they are leaving some.

20 August

Marius's young wife died while Jeanne and Mathilde were with her. Marcel and I started out to join them a little later. On the way we talked of other things. At the door Marius, red and sobbing, was a pitiful sight; we embraced him; he held out his knife to me, opened it, and said: "Well need all the white lilacs you can gather." The old mother kept repeating as she wept: "How fortunate that the ladies were here! What would we have become without them?" Then I was ushered in. The room was tidy and filled with a new silence; near the window Mathilde and Jeanne were folding a sheet; on the bed the dead woman still had a bit of false color in her cheeks, but the hands holding an ebony crucifix were made of wax. Propped against the crucifix, a few white flowers.

This morning the priest had brought her the last sacraments; wasn't it enough that she had received communion the day before? She didn't expect to die yet. When she saw the priest come in, she was seized with trembling. "Oh! am I going to die already?" she asked. "My child," replied the priest, "this never killed anyone. Besides, God may perform a miracle for you." From that moment on she began to be excited. But Jeanne took her hand and said softly: "Last night I had

a beautiful dream, Marie; I dreamed that both of us were in paradise. . . ." That was the moment when she went to sleep; it seemed as if she had been waiting to hear that word before dying.

8 September

Yesterday, at Dieppe with Henri Gheon, saw Walter Sickert again. He said to me: TDo you remember that the first time you met me you asked: 1 hope it doesn't annoy you that I like your painting?'"

It*s quite possible. I imagine that if I were a painter the compliments of literary men would be too much to bear.

A childhood recollection of Jean Schlumberger: He was about eleven; in the tub in which he was bathing they put also his little brother Maurice, only five years old. After the bath Jean, now dressed again, thoughtlessly says to his parents: